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Q.U.M.S.

SONG BOOK



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Compiled by
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University of Queensland
Students' Union
1963



"The Devil has all the best songs."

John Wesley

EDITORIAL

The Devil has had all the best songs for too long; we think it is time that the students of the University of Queensland had them.

In compiling this song-book we have resorted to plagiarism, theft, breach of copyright and sundry other honourable methods of collecting songs, all the while steering a delicate course between the law and obscenity. To all those who assisted in the production of this song-book, consciously or otherwise, we extend our heartiest thanks.

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Woodpecker Song

Gaudeamus

**Gaudeamus igitur,
Iuvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundam iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.**

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos
Ubi iam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nomini parcetur.

**Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores;
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.**

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles
Bonae, laboriosae

**Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit!**

1

The Queensland Varsity Students' Song

The Government woke one day,
And planked the gold-dust down;
They caught up the 'bus and they found us,
And won an immortal crown.

**Queensland University
Pass the Torch Eternal: Burst the Bars;
Semper floreat the 'Varsity'!
Thus men climb the stars.**

God bless the Senators all—
They're doing their best—don't shoot 'em!
May the Government grant 'em a Government grant,
To solace their senectutem.

2

And here's a toast to the blokes
Like Mayne and McCaughey and Beirne,
Darnell and the rest, all men of the best,
Who gave us their money to burn.

A toast to ourselves—why not?
So here's to our hearts' endeavour!
And a cheer for the fair, the sweet debonair,
The undergradesses for ever.

3

Abdul

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or to shout "Attaboy" in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they always sent out
For Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But of all the most daring of fame or of name
Was Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play euchre and pool
Or perform on the Spanish guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Down-town he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has your life grown so dull
That you want to end your career?
For, vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

"Oh, take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regards to the Czar,
For by this I imply that you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

Then Abdul the brute drew his trusty skabuke,
With a cry of "Allah Akabar!"
With murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light,
The din it was heard from afar;
And the multitude came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
—In fact he was shouting "Huzzah!"—
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The sultan rode by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But only got there to hear the last prayer
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Czar Petravich II, in his spectacle blue,
Rode up in his new crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The tomb shadows rose where the blue Volga flows,
Engraved there in characters clear,
"O Stranger, when passing, pray for the soul
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the cold polar star,
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

(those familiar with the unauthorised version are encouraged to disregard this version which panders to the religious societies—Eds.)

4

Advice to Freshmen

(Air: Funiculi, Funicula)

There are, I'm sorry to say, some studes amongst us
Who think it a crime,
Who think it a crime,
To miss a large proportion of their lectures
And have a good time,
And have a good time,
But I, I like to spend my time in loafing
The whole day long,
The whole day long,
And set the Common Room a-gaily ringing
With joyous song,
With joyous song.

**Ayah, Ayah, the professor sounds afar
Droning, croning like some old guitar.
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula.
Like some old guitar, funiculi funicula.**

It is a great mistake for budding freshmen
To toil and work
To toil and work
When they arrive at the Golden Age of reason,
They'll learn to shirk,
They'll learn to shirk.

Professors do not like a large attendance,
No! Not at all,
No! Not at all,
Chaps like they are much prefer to lecture
To an empty hall,
To an empty hall.

5

After The Ball

After the ball is over,
See her remove an eye,
Put her false teeth on the dresser,
Beside them her bottle of dye.
Park her cork leg in the corner,
Hang up her wig on the wall,
And all that is left goes to bye byes
After the ball.

Her head when she wakes in the morning
Will not have an ache or a pain,
It also fell off with her torso,
This semi-detachable Jane.
I no longer am what I was dear,
But what I have left is my all,
Treat it with all due respect dear,
After the ball.

6

Alcoholics' Anthem

(Christchurch, N.Z., University Revue)

(Tune: "Men of Harlech")

What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
And tee-total per-ver-sity
It's healthier to booze:
What's the use of milk and water
These are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on, lose your blues.

Mix yourself a Shandy!
Drown yourself in Brandy!
Sherry Sweet,
Or Whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking!
There's no happiness like sinking
Blotto to the floor!

Put an end to all frustation,
 Drinking may be your Salvation,
 End it all in dissipation
 Rotten to the core!
 Aberrations metabolic,
 Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
 These are for the Alcoholic
 Lying on the floor!

Vodka for the Arty,
 Gin to make you Hearty,
 Lemonade was only made
 For drinking if your mother's at the Party.
 Steer clear of home made beer,
 And anything that isn't labelled clear,
 There is nothing else to fear
 Bottoms up—My Boys!

7

Baby You Can't Have One

Baby you can't have one, baby you can't have one,
 You can't have one and still have fun,
 Baby you can't have one, mmm mmm
 Oh boy lah de dah hot stuff.

Baby you can't have two, baby you can't have two,
 You can't have two and still be true,
 Baby you can't have two, mmm mmm
 Oh boy lah de dah hot stuff.

You can't have three and still have me,
 You can't have four and still want more,
 You can't have five and stay alive,
 You can't have six and still take tricks,

You can't have seven and go to heaven,
 You can't have eight and keep it straight,
 You can't have nine and still be mine,
 You can't have ten and still have MEN.

8

The Ball At Shatwell Hall

(Air: The Ball at Kerry Moor)

Have you heard about the Law boys
 And their Ball at Blackstone Hall?
 There were four and twenty institutes
 All dealing on the Law.

**Singing, who'll sue me this time,
 Who'll sue me now.
 The one that sued me last time
 Has lost his action now.**

The Professor, he was there,
 Sitting in the front,
 Discussin' on the theory
 In Regina v. Hunt.

The Professor's daughter, she was there
 She had us all in fits
 A sliding off the mantelpiece
 And serving out the writs.

The Judge is in the courtroom,
 The Lawyer's in the chair,
 You couldn't see the plaintiff
 For the wigs of curly hair.

9

Bashful Maiden

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Now to the widow of fifty,
 Here's to the flaunting extra vagan quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

**Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.**

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the damsel with none, sir;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And now to the nymph with but one sir.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast 'em together.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Bible Stories

10

Adam was the first man so we all believe,
One morning he was filleted and introduced to Eve
He had no one to show him but he soon found out the
way,

And that's the only reason that we're standing here to-day.

**Young soaks, old soaks, everybody come,
To our little Sunday School and have a tot of rum.
Park your toffee apples and sit down upon the floor,
And we'll tell you Bible stories that you've never heard
before.**

David and Solomon lived very wicked lives,
They used to spend the afternoon with other people's
wives,

And then in the evenings when their conscience gave
them qualms,

Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms.

Young soaks, etc.

Goliath was a big man so big and strong and tall
David was a little man the handy man of Saul,
But David took his little sling and half a brick as well,
And when he slung the brick Goliath went to hell.

Young soaks, etc.

Esau was a man with a very hairy chest,
His chest it was so hairy, he'd no need to wear a vest.
His father left him property not very far from Norwich
And the silly blighter swopped it for a basinful of
porridge.

Young soaks, etc.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the ancient tale,
Who booked a steerage passage on a transatlantic whale.
When the atmospheric pressure grew too heavy on his
chest,

Jonah pressed the button and the whale did the rest.

Young soaks, etc.

Pharoah had a daughter with a most bewitching smile,
She found the infant Moses in the rushes by the Nile.
She took him home to dear papa, and he believed the
tale,

Which is just about as probable as Jonah and the whale.

Young soaks, etc.

Moses was the leader of the Israelitic flock,
He used to get spa water just by striking on a rock,
One day from out the multitude there came a mighty
cheer,

Instead of getting water he got Pilsener Lager Beer.

Young soaks, etc.

Ruth was a flapper of the very modern type,
She wore short skirts and she rode a motor bike,
She wagged a wicked lipstick and her eye was on the glad,
Salvation Army saved her, sir, from going to the bad.

Young soaks, etc.

Now Adam was a gardener and Eve his gentle spouse,
They got the sack for stealing fruit and took to keeping
cows,

Life was very peaceful--'twas quiet in the main,
Until they had a baby boy and started raising Cain.

Young soaks, etc.

David was a general, Uriah was a sub,
David saw Uriah's wife in her evening tub,
David sent Uriah to explore a front line trench,
Uriah got a hand grenade and David got the wench.

Young soaks, etc.

Salome was a lady of abbreviated skirt,
She invited John the Baptist to a harmless little flirt,
But Johnny was a wowser and wouldn't grant her wish,
So she sent him up to heaven with his head upon a dish.

Young soaks, etc.

Now our little Sunday School has finished for the day,
We hope you're feeling better in every kind of way,
We think it would be fitting if we take it all in verse,
On Sunday next at half past eight the choir will rehearse.

Young soaks, etc.

The Cat Came Back

11

(Thos. Anonymous)

Old Mr. Johnson had trouble all his own.
He had an old yellow cat that wouldn't leave home.
Tried everything he knew to do to keep the cat away
He took him up to Canada and told him for to stay.

**But the cat came back the very next day.
The cat came back, thought he was a gonner
But the cat came back 'cos he wouldn't stay away.**

This cat had company out in the back yard
Somebody threw a boot and threw it awful hard.
Caught the cat behind the ear but he thought it was a
slight
Then down came a brick and knocked him out of sight.

Chorus,

On a telegraph wire the birds were sitting in a bunch,
He saw an even number, thought he'd have them for his
lunch,
Climbed softly up the pole, until he reached the top
Trode upon the electric wire and tied him in a knot.

Chorus.

This cat was a terror so they thought it would be best
To give him to a fella who was going out West.
Train ran around a curve and hit a broken rail,
Not a blessed soul aboard the train lived to tell the tale.

Chorus.

They put him in a cotton sack and gave him to a girl
Who set out on a bicycle all round the world.
Well, over there in China an awful wreck was found
She's singing now in heaven with the angels all around.

Chorus.

At last they found a way this cat to really fix
They put him in an orange crate on highway 66.
Came a 20-ton truck with a 40-ton load
Scattered that orange crate a mile down the road.

Chorus.

They gave the old cat to a man in the balloon
And told him to give him to the man in the moon.
Well the balloon it busted and everybody said
Ten miles away they picked the man up dead.

Chorus.

They gave a boy a dollar for to set the cat afloat
He took him up the river in a sack in a boat.
Well the fishing it was fine till the news got around
That the boat was missing and the boy was drowned.

Chorus.

The farmer on the corner said he'd shoot the cat on sight
And loaded up his gun with nails and dynamite.
He waited in the garden till the cat came around
Seven little pieces of the man was all they found.

Chorus.

They put him on a boat that was bound for Sydney town
They thought with all the rain there he'd surely drown.
Well the rain came down for the 92nd day
The whole damn city just floated out the bay.

Chorus.

Caviare

12

Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviare is my dish.

My flamin' oath it is.
My flamin' oath it is.

I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She does what I want her to.

My flamin' oath she does.
My flamin' oath she does.

I gave caviare to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age was eighty-three,
I gave caviare to my grandpa,
He chased grandma up a tree.

My flamin' oath he did.
My flamin' oath he did.

My father was the keeper of Eddystone Lighthouse,
Slept with mermaids every night,
He had offspring one, two, three,
Two were fishes and the other was me.

My flamin' oath I was.
My flamin' oath I was.

Cellars Of Old Valley Forge

13

Raise a cheer, raise a cheer,
For the boys who brew the beer.
In the cellars of old Valley Forge,

Alcohol, Alcohol,
Take one sip and you will fall
In the cellars of old Valley Forge

And it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
Till it trickles down your muzzle,
Shout out your orders loud and clear
MORE BEER.

So let's have one more,
As the cops break down the door
In the cellars of old Valley Forge.

The Departing Stude

14

(Air: There is a Tavern in the Town)

MEN

I was, I fear, a callow lad, callow lad,
When I became an undergrad, undergrad.
My plan so pure was to lead a life demure
And merely to my knowledge add.

Fare thee well, for I must leave you,
Let my lesson undeceive you
There is more to University than swot, swot, swot.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I would stay you know, but weak I grow,
I'm debilitated with dry rot.

WOMEN

I was a charming fresherette, fresherette,
The boys admired my silhouette, silhouette.
I was happy when in the company of men
And I've never been to lectures yet.

Fare thee well, for I must leave you
Do not let my parting grieve you.
I must new and further pastures seek, seek, seek,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I have had my fun but now my time is done,
I'm marrying a Senator next week.

ALL

The others who in splendour come, splendour come,
Have proved that they are not so dumb, not so dumb,
They have mixed their swot with a bit of tómmey rot
And scraped through their curriculum.

Fare them well for they must leave us,
Let their parting never grieve us,
We'll be with them in another year or two, or three!
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We'd like to graduate with you, with you,
But we'll stay a while after you've walked down the aisle,
Till each has earned his own degree

15

Don't Send Your Daughter To The Shop

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
She's been wisely taught at boarding school
That ignorance is bliss,
That petting with boys and other such joys
Are things that she'll never miss.

She's been sheltered
She doesn't indulge in risqué talk
Believes the yarn about the stork
And drinks but ginger pop,

So be sure, Mrs. Worthington,
Keep her pure, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
If she doesn't succumb inanely to the ravings of the Reds,
She's bound to slip and lose her grip when she mingles
with the meds.

She'll read James Joyce,
And all those horrible things in Freud
And doubtless she'll be overjoyed
To let repressions drop.

She'll be mastered, Mrs. Worthington,
By some boulder, Mrs. Worthington.
So don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
Now some of the younger lecturers have a wonderful
power of speech,
They'll have their flings and practise things they'd never
dare to preach.

And professors for all their degrees
Can cunningly tease.
In tutes she'll sit upon their knees
And won't know when to stop.

So please, Mrs. Worthington,
On my knees, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

(Curses—last verse censored.)

The Doors Swing In

16

(A Drinking Song—suitable for harmonising)

Oh! The doors swing in and the doors swing out,
And some pass in while others pass out,
Dear father in here with his nose in a beer,
Behind the swinging doors, behind the swinging doors.

Oh, Father dear father come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
Poor Willie is dying, his end's drawing nigh,
While you sit here having your fun.

Oh, Father dear father come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple tries two,
The bailiffs have just thrown us out in to the street,
Oh, what are we going to do.

Poor mother is weeping, distraught with wild grief,
And no one for comfort but me.
The baby's been sold to the butchers for meat,
To be sent to the home for the poor

Poor Mary has only just drawn her last breath,
In a sinister underworld dive.
Poor Sarah's demented she's out on the street,
Dispensing her favours for nix.

Aunt Annie's in chapel she's praying for us,
For she fears that we won't go to heaven.
Young Willie's disgraced us, dismissed from the church,
For helping himself to the plate.

17

Drinking

In cellar cool, I sit at ease
Upon a barrel resting;
In merry mood I loudly call
The best of wine digesting;
The cellar-man my beaker fills,
And soon my lips are linking,
As deep and long the luscious draught
That I am drinking, drinking, drinking.

A demon plagues me, thirst to wit,
And for his exorcising
I lift my cup and empty it
Of Rhine wine appetising.
The whole wide world her radiant charm
In rosy red is pinking;
I could not do a maiden harm
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

Only my thirst gets worse each glass
I pour into each weasand;
That is the sorry lot, alas,
Of every toper seasoned.
My comfort is, when from the cask,
Down to the floor I'm sinking;
I have not flinched from any task
Of drinking, drinking, drinking.

18

Ducks

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother,
It lives all alone in a swamp,
Where it's very cold and damp.
Now you may think that this is the end—
And it is . . .

19

Double-Bunking

(Air: "The More We are Together")

I heard this sad song-oh
On the Orongorongo,
"No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me."
I said to the vocalist,
"Oh, why do you so insist,
'No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me?'"
No more double-bunking, double-bunking, double-bunking,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking, for me.

He said, "I've had a gutsful
Of tramps where the hut's full,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me,
I've weakened and lost weight,
I'm nervously prostrate,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me.
"My tongue's covered in fur, too,
And I can't eat my burgoo,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me.
I'm washed out like a dish-rag,
I've ruptured my sleeping-bag,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me."

"Henceforth and hereafter
I'll sleep on a rafter,
On a peak or pinnacle
Or under a waterfall,
On sand or on shingle:
But I'm going to sleep single."

—(A New Zealand student's tramping song).

Egg Song

20

Tune: Maxwellton Braes

Maxwelton Braes are bonny,
Where stands the Grand Hotel;
'Twas there I'd an egg for my breakfast,
But when I opened the shell . . .

Tune: The Old Brigade

I knew 'twas an egg of the old brigade,
Though it had changed and altered;
There it stood quite undismayed,
In accents low it faltered:

Tune: Old Black Joe

"I'm humming, I'm humming,
I'm not new laid, I know."
So turning to the gasping waiter,
I said . . .

Monologue:

"Joe!
I don't believe this egg's been laid
For months and months and months;
It's birth certificate's been mislaid
For months and months and months;
I think perhaps it has been laid
By some extinct Dodo,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago."

Tune: Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Then a young chicken popped up and cried,
"Parley-vous?"
And in my best French I answered back, "Same to you,
My mother, you know, lives over there,
With Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

Tune: Early in the Morning

So they pushed it through the window,
They pushed it through the window,
They pushed it through the window . . .
Where eggs have gone before.

Tune: The Minstrel Boy

The waiter went to the grocer's shop
To find the fellow that supplied him,
His father's sword he had girded on:
He slew that egg that ran beside him.

Tune: Bay of Biscay

There it lay, 'till next day,
When the dustman came that way . . .

Tune: Excelsior

Egg shells he saw, egg shells he saw.

Tune: Tarpaulin Jacket

He wrapped it in his tarpaulin jacket,
For his tea he thought it would do, would do,
And he ate it—but early next morning,
His widow his Club money drew.

Tune: Rule Britannia

So rule, Britannia—no matter what you've paid,
Eggs are never, never, never quite new laid.

The Fly

21

Oh there was a little fly and he flew into the store
And he ——— on the ceiling and he ——— on the floor,
And he ——— on the lollies and he ——— on the jam,
And he ——— all over the grocery man.

Now the grocery man got his shelltox gun,
To shoot that fly on his little brown ———,
And before you could count out nine or ten,
He ——— on the grocer again.

And the fly flew here and the fly flew there,
He ——— while flying through the air,
He ——— on the windows and he ——— on the wall,
He didn't care where he ——— at all.

So the grocery man chased him round and round,
The fly ——— silently without a sound,
Then all of a sudden he flew out the door,
'Cos that poor little fly couldn't ——— any more.
(Eds: ——— ——— ———.)

22

Fifty Per Cent Must Fail

(Tune: "Lincolnshire Poacher")

The Profs. have issued a bold bold decree,
That 50 per cent must fail.
It might be you and it might be me,
It's all to no avail.

It makes no difference who you be,
Med. or Greaser or Law.
We only know that half must fail,
And probably many more.
The Profs. have said that it isn't true
That 50 per cent must fail.
But we know better, you and me,
For some have told the tale.

But by and by the Profs. must die—
Not 50 per cent but all.
When St. Peter gives them the call,
That 50 per cent must fail.

Going Back

23

(Air: Going Back to Where I Come From)

"I'm going back to where I come from,
Where I used to be so pure and good," that's what a
fresher said
When she came in
Just after daybreak
And it wasn't lectures made her feel so damned near
dead

She's gone to trip
The light fantastic
With a third year but she found out that his morals were
elastic.
"Going back to where I come from
Where my poppa keeps a shotgun underneath the bed."

She didn't ask him his intentions
For she thought him so good looking, she forgot what
Mother said
And that was why
She came in weeping
With her left shoe gone and wishing she was damned well
dead.

She'd had to run
Like a flaming fury
From a car on One Tree Hill along the tramline past the
Brewery
Into town,
Back to College
And she didn't stop to breathe till she was safe in bed.

Once she was there
She felt unhappy
When she thought of all that liquor, she sat up in bed
and said
"So what the hell
That's what I'm here for
If I don't enjoy myself I might as well be dead."

Then she got dressed
In quite a hurry,
And she yelled "Who's going my way?" as she ripped
along the highway,
"Going back to where I came from
Out to where that third year's car is parked on One Tree
Hill."

Good Ship Venus

24

(Authorised Song Book Verse)

The bosun's name was Andye,
His bottles were bigge and bandye,
They dipped his toffee apple
In boiling rumme
For spilling all the brandye

Gory Gory

25

(cf. John Brown's Body)

They scraped him off the rocks—
Like a blob of raspberry jam.

(Repeat twice).

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory! Gory! what a helluva way to die.

(Repeat twice).

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They packed him in his rucksack and sent him home to ma.
(Repeat) etc.

He's got some broken vertebrae and fifty broken ribs.
Etc.

They're looking for the bloke who put clinkers in his
boots.
Etc.

Happy Jack

26

I'm Happy Jack the Ripper,
I'm as happy as can be
And when I goes a-rippin'
I chuckles gleefully.
The reason why I chuckles so
Is very plain to see,
'Cause when I rips the bodies up
The blood spurts over me.
I'm Happy Jack the Spludger,
I'm as happy as can be,
And when I goes a-spludgin'
I chuckles gleefully.
The reason why I chuckles so
Is very plain to see,
'Cause when I dig the bodies up
The worms crawl over me.
I'm Happy Jack the Cannibal . . .
. . . I boils the bodies up . . .
. . . The bones crunch easily.
I'm Happy Jack the Sailor . . .
. . . The passengers get sick . . .
. . . They're sick all over me.
I'm Happy Jack the Hangman . . .
. . . Hangs the bodies up . . .
. . . Their eyes pop out at me.

High Finance

27

(Air: "Road to the Isles")

If you're ever up in London Town and have no place to go
And you're looking for somewhere to sit ye down.
For a penny on deposit you can rent a water closet
Or a season ticket costs you half-a-crown.

My sister Tiger Lily ushers at the Piccadilly
And my Mother runs a tea shop by the Grand
And my Father's doing time for a very serious crime—
We're the finest business family in the land.

(Verse III—unprintable.)

I'll Help You Home

28

I'll help you home again Kathleen,
You'd never make it on your own,
Oh what a night it would have been,
If you had left the grog alone.

I've told you often Kathleen dear,
That mixing cider, beer and gin,
Will land you on your lovely ear,
As sure as any Mickey Fin.

Oh I will help you home Kathleen
To where your head will feel no pain,
But when the party's on again,
You can damned well stay at home Kathleen.

I Will If You Will

29

Oh, she has a lovely pair of big blue eyes,
Oh, she has a lovely pair of big blue eyes,
Oh, she has a lovely pair
Oh, she has a lovely pair
Oh, she has a lovely pair of big blue eyes.

Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will
Singing I will if you will
Singing I will if you will so will I.

Oh' she has a lovely naval uniform.
Oh, she has a lovely shapely bottom set of teeth.
Oh, I gave my girl a baby Austin car.
Oh, I love to see that bosom pal of mine.

Lilian

30

Lil was a girl, she was—a beauty,
She lived in a house of illreput-e,
She drank deep of the demon rum,
And she smoked hashish and opium.

De boom boom, de boom boom, de boom boom boom.

She was young and she was fair,
She had masses of golden hair
Folks they came for miles to see,
Lilian in her deshabelle.

Day by day that girl grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her
Until at last the day came when
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun
She took Scott's emulsion,
She took liver, she took yeast
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted a physician,
Who prescribed for her condition,
She had, as the doctors say,
Pernicious anaem-i-a.

As Lil lay there in her dishonour,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,
She cried "O Lord, I will repent,"
But that must cost you 50 cents.

And the moral for your sins
As you can easily see
Whatever your line of business
Fitness wins.

Merry Month Of May

31

Around her neck she wears a yellow ribbon,
She wears it in the springtime in the merry month of May.
And if you ask her why the heck she wears it,
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.

**Far away (far away), far away (far away),
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.**

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the springtime in the merry month of May.
And if you ask him why the heck he keeps it,
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.

**Far away (far away), far away (far away),
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.**

Through the park she wheels a p'rambulator,
She wheels it in the springtime in the merry month of
May.

And if you ask her why the heck she wheels it,
She wheels it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
She wheels it for a student who is far, far away.

32

My Gal's a Corker

My gal's a corker, she's a bush walker,
I buy her everything to keep her in stock.
She's got two lovely eyes, just like two custard pies.
Hot dog! That's where my money goes.

She's got a lovely nose, just like a rubber hose.
She's got two lovely feet, just like two plates of meat.
She's got a form devine, not just like your's or mine.

(etc.!)

33

Never Let Your Braces Dangle

(Tune: "The Good Ship Venus")

Never let your braces dangle,
Never let your braces dangle,
One poor sport he got caught
Right in the middle of the mangle.

Right through the rollers he went, by gum,
Squashed as flat as linoleum,
Now he's a-singing in Kingdom come;
Never let your braces dangle.

34

Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle diddle, diddle, diddle, went the fiddlers.
Very fine men are we;
But there's none so fair that can compare
With the boys of the Varsity.

Flutists three.
Now every flutist had a very fine flute
And a very fine flute had he.
Flood tiddly oot tiddly oot went the flutists . . .

Drummers three.

Rum tiddly um tiddly um went the drummers . . .

Jugglers three.

Juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle . . .

Painters three.

Slap it up and down, up and down . . .

Weavers three.

Whip it in and out, in and out . . .

Coalmen three.

Shove it in the hole in the back . . .

Butchers three.

Chop it in half, in half . . .

Fishermen three.

I had one this long . . .

35

The One-Eyed Reilly

(Sing with a swing and vim)

As I was standing by the fire,
Drinking the Reilly's rum and water,
Suddenly a thought came into my head,
I'd like to marry the Reilly's daughter.

Giddey eye ay, giddey eye ay,
Giddey eye ay for the one-eyed Reilly.
Rubadub dub, boo-oom boom,
Jig-ajig-jig tres bon.

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
The colonel and the major and the captain sought her,
The sergeant and the private and the drummer boy, too,
But they never had a chance with the Reilly's daughter.

Reilly played on the big bass drum,
Reilly had a mind full of murder and slaughter;
Reilly had one bright-red glittering eye,
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

Suddenly a footstep's on the stair,
Who should it be but the One-eyed Reilly;
With two pistols in his hands,
Looking for the man who married his daughter.

I grabbed the Reilly by the hair,
Shoved his head in a bucket of water;
Fired his pistols in the air,
A damn sight quicker than I married his daughter.

Pour Bacchus

36

We're 'Varsity students all,
For Axie is our father,
We throng the lecture hall,
And love the ladies—RATHER!

Toujours, toujours,
Pour Bacchus et les amours.
Yap, yap, yap, tra la la la,
Pour Bacchus et les amours.

And now, God bless our land,
Give the 'Varsity Council prudence,
And bless His noblest work on earth,
The Queensland 'Varsity students.

Toujours, etc.

And here's to Mrs. Black,
Who runs a house of amusement;
With a stairway up the back
For the use of the 'Varsity students.

Toujours, etc.

Pre-Examination Song

37

(Tune: "Jerusalem")

And did those hands one recent eve
Tire from incessant note-making?
And was that harassed student's brain
Near blank from over-studying?
And did that countenance cloud o'er,
Forgetting then the time of year;
Then sweeping wide his pile of books,
Thus spake that student loud and clear:

Bring me my aphrodisiac!
Bring me my object of desire!
Bring me more wine! O alcohol!
Thy fumes too shall fan my fire!
I will not rest till morrow come,
Instead my passions shall give vent,
And all my time the whole night long
Shall be in glorious pleasure spent!

The Princess Of Jerusalem

38

Back in the days of King Knut,
There lived a maid, she was a beaut,
Her skin was pale as passion fruit,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

**Hi, Ho Mathusalem, Mathusalem, Mathusalem,
Hi, Ho Mathusalem, the Princess of Jerusalem.**

There came a knight, a bragging skite,
A lusty, brasting Israelite,
Who swore that he would woo that night,
The princess of Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
Beside a softly bubbling brook.
And gently in his arms he took
The Princess of Jerusalem.

He offered her his richest jewels,
He said her eyes were limpid pools,
But that's a line that never fools,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

But none the less she let him woo,
She took his pearls and diamonds too.
And then she bade him P.O.Q.,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

And so the bounder came off worst,
She diddled him from last to first,
And from that day he always cursed,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

Rickety Tickety Tin

39

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
About a maid I'll sing a song
She didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one of them in
Them in,
She did every one of them in.

One morning, in a fit of pique,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
One morning, in a fit of pique,
She drowned her father in the creek,
The water tasted bad for a week,
And they had to make do with gin,
With gin,
They had to make do with gin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,
 Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
 Her mother, too, she never could stand,
 And so a cyanide soup she planned,
 Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,
 And her face in a hideous grin,
 A grin,
 Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
 Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
 She set her sister's hair on fire,
 And as the flames grew higher and higher,
 She danced around the funeral pyre,
 Playing a violin
 O-lin,
 Playing a violin.

She weighed her brother down with stones,
 Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
 She weighed her brother down with stones,
 And sent him down to Davey Jones,
 And all they ever found was bones,
 And occasional pieces of skin,
 Of skin,
 And occasional pieces of skin.

One day, when she had nothing to do,
 Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
 One day, when she had nothing to do,
 She chopped her baby brother in two
 And served him up as Irish stew
 And invited the neighbours in
 'Bours in,
 And invited the neighbours in.

And when, at last, the cops came by,
 Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
 And when, at last, the cops came by,
 Her little pranks she did not deny.
 For to do so she would have had to lie,
 And lying, she knew, was a sin,
 A sin,
 And lying, she knew, was a sin.

Riding Down From Bangor

40

Riding down from Bangor on an Eastern train,
 After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine;
 Quite extensive whiskers, beard, moustache as well,
 Sat a student fellow, tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side,
 Into quiet village Eastern train did glide.
 Enter aged couple, take the hind-most seat,
 Enter village maiden, beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she faltered 'Is this seat engaged?'
 Sees the aged couple properly enraged.
 Student quite ecstatic sees her ticket through,
 Thinks of the long tunnel, thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted, how the cinders fly!
 Till the student fellow gets one in his eye!
 Maiden sympathetic, turns herself about,
 'May I, if you please, sir, try to get it out?'

Then the student fellow feels a gentle touch,
 Hears a gentle murmur, 'Does it hurt you much?'
 Whiz! Slap!! Bang!!! Into tunnel quite,
 Into glorious darkness, black as Egypt's night!

Out into the daylight glides that Eastern train,
 Student's hair is ruffled just the merest grain?
 Maiden seems all blushes when then and there appeared
 A tiny little earring in that horrid student's beard!

(An American student song.)

41

Sausage Wrap Serenade

(Tune: What Shall We do with a Drunken Sailor)

What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
 What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
 What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
 Early in the morning?

Workers on the dole who guzzle,
 Communists who need a muzzle,
 Winners of a crossword puzzle,
 Early in the morning.

Suicide of a linen draper,
 Duchess poisoned by noxious vapour,
 Lady of eighty chased by a raper,
 Early in the morning.

Awful international crisis,
 Idiot reader wins three prizes,
 See how the general public rises,
 Early in the morning.

Shove it all down in the Daily Paper,
Cabinet Minister cuts a caper,
Architect felled by his own skyscraper,
Early in the morning.

Some of it's truth and some of it's lying,
What's the odds if the public's buying,
Editors never leave off trying,
Early in the morning.

42

Shares In The Very Best Companies

(Air: My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean)

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janiero,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolled in . . .

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure that the money rolled in . . .

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar—
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

43

She Was Poor, But She Was Honest

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's game;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame.
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way thro' mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says "Farewell, blighted love,"
Then a scream, a splash—Good Heavens,
What is she a-doing of?

Then they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang,
For they thought that she was drowned,
But the corpse got up and sang.

(A Traditional Student Song)

44

Sire Roger Of Kildare

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fair,
May I go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare?
For he's young and he is handsome,
And he loves me for my sake;

Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fete?
Oh, yes, my darling daughter, you may go to the fair,
You may go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare.
But although he's young and handsome,
And he loves you for your sake,
Just take bread and butter when he offers you the cake.

Oh, poor little Mabel, she went to the fair,
She went with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare,
And he offered her some candy,
And he offered her some cake,
And it wasn't very long before her tum began to ache.

And all you young maidens, just beware, just beware,
 Beware of Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare;
 For there is another version,
 But we've brushed it up with care,
 So sing the other version—if you dare, if you dare!
 She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot,
 She wears her red pyjamas in the winter when it's not.
 And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall
 She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.
 Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot,
 Glory, glory for the winter when it's not.
 Glory for the springtime and glory for the fall
 When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.
 Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
 Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
 Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
 As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.
 She's a very naughty lady,
 She's a very naughty lady,
 She's a very naughty lady,
 As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.
 (Refrain to be sung with successive omissions.)
 (An original arrangement.)

Students' Duet

45

(Air: Gendarmes Duet)

When standing on street corners,
 Watching the popsies flitting by,
 And they are wearing sweaters on them
 A second skin to catch the eye.
 And if they slowly raise one eyebrow,
 And slowly close the other eye,
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll show we're students bold and true,
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll take them on (we'll take them off)
 And then we know just what to do.
 Eating hamburgers at Joe's place,
 At half-past two or three,
 If we should meet two big, bad bodgies,
 Who gaze at us insultingly,
 And if we feel inclined to censor them,
 And they're not over five feet three,
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll show we're students bold and true,
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
 Because we've brought our Shanghais too.
 (From Qld. Uni. Revue "Bacchanalia")

There Is A Tavern In The Town 46

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
 And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
 And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
 Do not let the parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends must part, must
 part,
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee!

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night at eight they spark, they spark,
 And now my love once true to me,
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep.
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
 And on my breast carve a turtle dove
 To signify I died of love.

Unhappy Bella

47

Bella was young and Bella was fair,
 With bright blue eyes and golden hair,
 O unhappy Bella!
 Her step was light and her heart was gay,
 But she had no sense and one fine day
 She got herself put in the family way
 By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

Poor Bella was young, she didn't believe
 That the world is hard and men deceive,
 O unhappy Bella!
 She said, "My man will do what's just,
 He'll marry me now, because he must";
 Her heart was full of loving trust
 In a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

She went to his house; that dirty skunk
 Had packed his bags and done a bunk,
 O unhappy Bella!
 Her landlady said, "Get out, you whore,
 I won't have your sort a-darkening my door."
 Poor Bella was put to affliction sore
 By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

All night she tramped the cruel snows,
 What she must have suffered nobody knows,
 O unhappy Bella!
 And when the morning dawned so red,
 Alas, alas, poor Bella was dead,
 Sent so young to her lonely bed
 By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

So thus, you see, do what you will,
 The fruits of sin are suffering still,
 O unhappy Bella!
 As into the grave they laid her low,
 The men said, "Alas, but life is so,"
 But the women chanted, sweet and low,
 "It's all the men, the dirty bastards!"

48

Beer

I won't sing of sherbert and water,
 And cocoa and beer will not rhyme.
 We working men can't afford champagne,
 It's a bit more than sixpence a time.
 But I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
 A gargle that I love so dear.
 I allude to that grand institution,
 That beautiful tonic called beer.

Beer, beer, glorious beer!
 Fill yourself right up to here!
 Drink a good deal of it,
 Make a big meal of it,
 Stick to your old-fashioned beer!
 Don't be afraid of it,
 Drink till you're made of it.
 Let's put another down here!
 Up with the sale of it,
 Down with a pail of it,
 Glorious, glorious beer!

49

Come Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

Come landlord, fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over,
 Come landlord, fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over:

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
 Tomorrow we'll be sober!

The man who drinketh small beer
 And goes to bed quite sober,
 Fades as the leaves do fade
 That drop off in October.

The man who drinketh strong beer
 And goes to bed right mellow,
 Lives as he ought to live
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes
 And getteth half-seas over,
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl
 And goes and tells his mother,
 Ought to have his lips cut off
 And never kiss another.

(An English student Song.)

I'm A Rambler

50

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home
 And if you don't like me, just leave me alone.
 I eat when I'm hungry, I drink when I'm dry.
 Bulimba, Bulimba, I'll drink till I die.
 Bulimba, Bulimba, Oh how I love thee.
 You killed my poor father and now you'll kill me
 B-U-L-I-M-B-A . . .

Jolly Good Ale And Old

51

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I nothing am a-cold;
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
 Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead;
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wold;
 I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.

52

Drinking Song

Ein Zwei Drei beer,
Lift your stein and drink your beer,
Ein Zwei Drei beer,
Lift your stein and drink your beer.

Drink, drink, drink, to eyes that are bright as stars when
they're shining on me,
Drink, drink, drink, to lips that are red and sweet as the
fruit on the tree.

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine.
May those lips that are red and sweet
Tonight with joy my own lips meet.
Drink, drink, let the toast start,
May young hearts never part.
Drink, drink, drink.
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart,
Let's drink.

53

Here's To The Good Old Whisky

Here's to good old whisky, mop it down, mop it down,
Here's to good old whisky, mop it down, down, down,
Here's to good old whisky, the stuff that makes you frisky,
Here's to good old whisky, drink it down.

Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-oon,
Happy is the day when a fellow gets his pay,
And fills his skin with whisky, drink it down.

Here's to good old sherry, that makes you feel so merry.
Here's to good old beer, that makes you feel so queer.
Here's to good old porter, that slips down as it oughter.
Here's to good old stout, that makes you care for nought.
Here's to good old port, that makes you feel a sport.
Here's to good old brandy, that makes you feel just dandy.

(For the semi-inebriated.)

54

Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
But it's gone right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
On land on sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

NEW VERSION:

Indicate the route to my abode,
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
I had a little snort 60 seconds ago,
But it's gone right to my cranium.
Wherever I may perambulate,
On land or sky or agitated water,
You will always hear me crooning this melody,
Indicate the route to my abode.

55

Song Of Point One Five

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

In our grandpa's easy age a man was not considered
"stung"

If the British Constitution could not tangle up his tongue;
But today a scientific test can almost have him hung:
Point one five is doom afoot.
Point one two—that festive feeling;
Point one three—the room is reeling;
Point one four—hold up the ceiling;
Point one five—mafeesh! kaput!

To the computative boffin all the older tests are dud:
He will calculate your cargo from your bladder or your
blood:

But the hundredth part of one per cent. he'll down you
in the mud,

Point one five can't be gainsaid.
Point one two means "Case is doubtful",
Point one three means "Near a snoutful",
Point one four means "Just about full",
Point one five means "Drunk's Parade".

If you gargle beer or spirits or you look upon the wine,
 Though your eyes are far from glazing and you walk a
 steady line,
 And your speech is clearly normal, you can still collect a
 fine,
 Point one five will leave no doubt.
 Point one two says "Bright and breezy",
 Point one three says "Take it easy!"
 Point one four says "Queer and queasy",
 Point one five, "Strike three! You're out!"

If the G.M.O. should bleed you for a sample of your gore,
 So the analyst can tally up your alcoholic score,
 Then the Beak will bleed you whiter than you've ever
 bled before;
 Point one five—you're on the spot.
 Point one two—"You're safe I think, sir".
 Point one three—"You've taken drink, sir".
 Point one four—"You're on the brink, sir".
 Point one five—"Hah! Cop the lot!"

So in toping, to be safe against the fine and forfeiture,
 Let your habits and your bloodstream be statistically pure,
 Or that deadly little decimal will shatter you for sure—
 Point one five will see you sunk.
 Point one two—you're slightly plastered;
 Point one three—you're nearly mastered;
 Point one four—you're boozed, you b——!—
 Point one five—you filthy drunk!

(This song is based on the legal fiction applied by magis-
 trates, that a man is legally considered drunk if his blood
 contains .15% alcohol.) —(M. V. Fogarty)

56

The Worst Hangover

I'm getting over a worse hangover .
 Than I ever had before.
 The first was a whisky
 The second was gin,
 The third was a beer with a cigarette in.
 There's no need explaining the one remaining
 Is over the kitchen floor.
 I'm getting over the worst hangover
 That I ever had before.

Vive L'Amour

57

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,
 Vive la compagnie!
 And drink to the health of our glorious class,
 Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
 Vive la reine, vive le roi!
 Vive la compagnie!

Let every married man drink to his wife,
 The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.
 Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy host.
 Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

58

Ain't Gonna Grieve, Ma Lord

Oh the deacon went down, (Oh the deacon went down),
 To the cellar to pray, (To the cellar to pray),
 And he done got drunk, (And he done got drunk),
 And he stayed all day. (And he stayed all day).
 Oh the deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
 And he done got drunk and he stayed all day.

Oh I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more,
 I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more
 I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more.

Oh you can't go to Heaven on roller skates,
 You'll roll right past them Pearly Gates.

Oh you can't go to Heaven in a woman's arms,
 For St. Paul decries them feminine charms.

Oh you can't go to Heaven with poor Blind Nell,
 'Cos she's booked up to go to Hell.

Oh you can't go to Heaven on a pair of skis,
 For you'll slide right past St. Peter's knees.

Oh you can't go to Heaven with a bottle of beer,
 'Cos the Lord will say, "NO GROG IN HERE."

Oh if you get to Heaven before I do,
 Just bore a hole and pull me through.

Etc. !!

Annie Laurie

59

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
An' it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true;
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e're the sun shone on,
That e're the sun shone on,
An' dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
An' like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low an' sweet,
Her voice is low an' sweet,
An' she a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

A-Roving

60

In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
And she is mistress of her trade.

I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ru-eye-in,
I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Mark well what I do say,
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
Mark well what I do say,
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head.

With love for her my heart did burn,
Mark well what I do say,
With love for her my heart did burn,
And I thought she loved me in return.

But when my money was gone and spent,
Mark well what I do say,
But when my money was gone and spent,
The off on her ear away she went.

By this I have a lesson learnt,
Mark well what I do say,
By this I have a lesson learnt,
And I'll keep the money that I have earnt.

(An eighteenth-century sea shanty.)

Auld Lang Syne

61

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne.

The Ash Grove

62

(Tune: One Black One, One White One, etc.)

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove;

'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, oh! tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.

Expurgated Version.

The Blue Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
Upon my master, and serve his plate,
Hand him the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue tail-fly.

**Gimme crack corn and I don't care,
Gimme crack corn and I don't care,
Gimme crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.**

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chance to bite the pony's thigh;
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch;
He threw my master in the ditch.
My master died, and they wondered why;
The verdict was—the blue tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph is there to see;
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue tail fly."

Camp Town Races

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De Camptown race track five miles long,
Doo-dah! doo-dah, day!
I came down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah day!

**Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.**

De long tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah day!
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah day!

63

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Round de race-track den repeat,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah day!
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow bag,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!

Coming Thru' The Rye

65

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thru' the Rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say, hae I.
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thru' the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thru' the Rye.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dealy lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or whaur's his hame,
I dinna care to tell.

The composer is unknown; the earliest version is a touched-up poem by Burns (prior to 1795, when it appeared first in an English pantomime), which referred to a fording of the River Rye. The reference in the song is to a custom for extracting kisses from lassies met on stepping stones in midstream. The song has nothing to do with the grain, rye, cf, a vulgarised parody—

Can a nudist be a nudist
Comin' thru' the Rye?
If a nudist is a nudist
Then he'd better not try.

If this nudist is a nudist,
Then let's watch him try,
Because he'll find it tickles awfully
Comin' thru' the Rye.

64

Early One Morning

66

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

Oh don't deceive me
Oh never leave me
How could you use a poor maiden so.

Oh gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow. etc.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true. etc.

Thus sang the poor maiden her sorrows bewailing
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below. etc.

Foggy Foggy Dew

67

Oh, I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
And I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I woo'd her in the winter time and in the summer too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
When I lay fast asleep,
She put her head upon my bed and she began to weep,
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
Ah me! what could I do?
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew..

Frankie And Johnny

68

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
Oh Lordie how they did love!
They used to swear to each other,
They'd be true as the stars above.
He was her man,
But he was doing her wrong

Frankie went down to the corner,
Just for a bottle of beer,
Frankie she said to the barman,
Have you seen my Johnnie here?
He is my man,
He never done me no wrong.

Ain't gonna tell no stories,
Ain't gonna tell no lies.
Saw your Johnnie 'bout an hour ago
Makin' up to Nellie Bligh.
He is your man,
But he is doing you wrong.

Frankie looked in at the window.
In at the window so high.
There she saw her Johnnie,
Makin' up to Nellie Bligh.
He was her man,
But he was doing her wrong.

Frankie pulled back her kimono.
Pulled out her small forty-four.
Rootie-toot-toot three times she did shoot,
Right through that hard wood door.
She shot her man,
'Cause he was doing her wrong.

Bring out your rubber-tired hearses.
Bring out your rubber-tired hack.
Gonna take my man to the bone yard,
And they ain't gonna bring him back.
He was my man.
But he was doin' me wrong.

This story has no moral,
This story has no end.
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in man.
He was her man.
But he was doing her wrong.

The Fox

69

The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed to the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town oh,
The town oh, the town oh,
He'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town oh,

He ran till he came to a great big pen,
The ducks and the geese were kept therein;
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town oh,
Town oh, town oh,
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town oh.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw a duck across his back;
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down oh,
Down oh, down oh,
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down oh.

Then old Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town oh,
The town oh, the town oh,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town oh.

He ran till he came to his cosy den,
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten;
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh,
Town oh, town oh,
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh.

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife.
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh,
The bones oh, the bones oh,
They never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh.

Green Grow The Rushes-Ho!

I'll sing you one-ho!
Green grow the rushes-ho!
What is your one-ho.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you two-ho !
Green grow the rushes-ho.
What are your two-ho?
Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-ho.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you three-ho!
Green grow the rushes-ho.
What are your three-ho?
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-ho.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.

Four for the Gospel makers,
Five for the symbols at your door, and
Six for the six proud walkers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky, and
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners, and
Ten for the ten commandments,
Eleven for the eleven went up to Heaven, and
Twelve for the twelve Apostles.

(This is the Eton version of a song which occurs in different forms in many ancient and modern languages, originally from the Hebrew. In this version the numbers signify the following: 1 God; 2, Christ and St. John the Baptist; 3, The Trinity, or the Three Wise Men; 4, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; 5, The Pentacle, a five-pointed figure inscribed on the threshold to keep evil spirits away; 6, The six waterpots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee; 7, The stars in the Great Bear; 8, Angels; 9, The Nine Muses or the nine months of gestation; 11, The Apostles without Judas Iscariot.)

71

Ilkla Moor

Where hast tha been since I saw thee?
On ilkla moor baht 'at.
Where hast tha been since I saw
Where hast tha been since I saw
Where hast tha been since I saw thee?
On ilkla moor baht 'at.
On ilkla moor baht 'at.
On ilkla moor baht 'at.

Tha's been a courtin' Mary Jane.
Tha'll go and get thy death of cold.
Then we shall have to bury thee.
Then worms'll come and eat thee up.
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms.
Then we shall come and eat up ducks.
Then we shall all have eaten thee.
That's where we gets our oahn back.

John Peel

72

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too!
Ranter and Ringwood and Bellman as true;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl.
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

73

Just a Wee Doch-an-Doris

There's a good old Scottish custom that has stood the
test of time,
It's a custom that is carried out in every land and clime;
Where brother Scots are gathered, it's aye the usual thing,
When just before they say goodnight, they all stand
round and sing:

**Just a weedoch-an-doris,
Just a wee yin, that's a',
Just a weedoch-an doris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin'
In a wee but an-ben;
If you can say
"It's a braw bright moonlight night,
You're a'richt, ye ken."**

I like a man that is a man, a man that's straight and fair,
The sort o' man that will and can, in all things do his
share.

I like a man, a jolly man, the sort o' man you know,
The chap that slaps your back and says "Here, Jock,
before you go!"

I invite you all some other nicht to come and bring
your wives.
I'll promise you the grandest time you'll have in all your
lives!
I'll hear the bagpipes calling (hoch) and we'll dance the
Hieland fling,
And just for auld acquaintance sake, we'll 'a unite and
sing!

74

The Keeper

The Keeper would a-hunting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
Among the leaves so green O!

Jacky boy! Master!

Sing ye well? Very well!

Hey down! Ho down!

(All) Derry, derry down!

Among the leaves so green O'.

To my hey down, down! To my ho down, down

Hey down! Ho down!

Derry, derry down

Among the leaves so green O'.

The 1st doe he shot at and missed
The 2nd doe he trimmed he kissed,
And the 3rd doe went where nobody whist,
Among the green leaves so green O!

The 4th doe she did not cross the plain,
The keeper did fetch her back again,
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green O'.

The 5th doe, she did cross the brook,
The Keeper fetched her back with his hook,
Where she is now you may go and look,
Among the leaves so green O'.

The 6th doe she ran o'er the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again,
And it's there he did hunt in a merry merry vein,
Among the leaves so green O!

The Kerry Dance

75

O the days of the Kerry Dancing,
O the ring of the piper's tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon;

When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning
Made us long with wild delight:

O to think of it, O to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper's tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.

King Arthur

76

King Arthur ruled the land—that he did;
And a right good ruler was he—that he was;
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to the
door,

Because they would not sing.

**Because they would not sing,
Because they would not sing,**

He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to the
door,

Because they would not sing.

The first he was a miller—that he was;
The second was a weaver—that he was;
And the third he was a little tailor boy,
With his broadcloth under his arm.

With his broadcloth under his arm, etc.

The miller he stole corn for his own mill—that he did;
The weaver he stole wool for his own loom—that he did;
And the little tailor boy he stole corduroy,
To keep the other fellows warm.

To keep the other fellows warm, etc.

The miller he was drowned in his dam—that he was;
The weaver he was hung by his own yarn—that he was;
But the devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm.

With the broadcloth under his arm, etc.

Lincolnshire Poacher

77

When I was a bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear,
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the
year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas when we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did
not care.

For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er
anywhere;

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of
the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods
did steer,

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the
year.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged right
home,

We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a
crown,

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you
where:

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of
the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher who wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of
the year.

The Little Brown Jug

78

My wife and I live all a-lone
In a little log hut we called our own;
She loved gin and I loved rum,
I tell you what,
We'd lots of fun.

**Ha, ha, ha, you and me
Little brown jug don't I love thee;
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.**

'Tis you who make my friends my foes,
 'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
 Here you are, so near my nose,
 So tip her up and down she goes.
 The rose is red, me nose is, too,
 The violet's blue, and so are you;
 And yet I guess before I stop;
 We'd better take another drop.

79

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes
 Were the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
 Where me an' my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
 But me an' my true love we'll never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
 An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flowers spring,
 An' in sunshine the waters lie sleepin',
 But the broken heart it kens nae second Spring
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

(Both words and melody are attributed to Lady John
 Scott, the composer of "Annie Laurie").

80

Mowing The Barley

A Lawyer he went out one day,
 A for to take his pleasure,
 And who should he spy but some fair pretty maid,
 So handsome and so clever.

**Where are you going to my pretty maid,
 Where are you going my honey,
 Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
 To my father a-mowing the barley.**

The Lawyer he went out next day,
 A thinking for to view her;
 But she gave him the slip and away she went,
 All over the hills to her father.

Where are you going to etc.

This Lawyer had a useful nag,
 And soon he overtook her,
 He caught her around the middle so small,
 And on the horse he placed her.

Where are you going to etc.

Hold up your cheeks, my fair pretty maid,
 Hold up your cheeks, my honey,
 That I may give you a fair pretty kiss,
 And a handful of golden money.

Where are you going to etc.

O keep your gold and silver too,
 And take it where your going;
 For there's many a rogue and scamp like you
 Has brought young girls to ruin.

Where are you going to etc.

Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
 As together they were going,
 Till she quite forgot the barley field,
 And left her father a-mowing.

Where are you going to etc.

And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
 And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
 They live in a happy content of life;
 And well in the station above her.

Where are you going to etc.

81

The Mermaid

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
 And we were not far from the land,
 When the Captain he spied a lovely mermaid,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh! the ocean wave may roll,
 And the stormy winds may blow
 While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops,
 And the land-lubbers lying down below.
 And the land-lubbers lying downbelow.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
 And a well-spoken man was he,
 "I have married a wife in London town,
 And to-night she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he;
 "I care much more for my kettles and my pots
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken laddie was he;
"I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town,
But to-night they childless will be."

"Oh the moon shines bright and the stars give light,
Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

82

Oh, No, John!

On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know;
I'll go and ask her hand in marriage,
She must answer yes or no.

O no John! no John! no John—no!

"My father was a Spanish Captain,
Went to sea a month ago;
First he kissed me, then he left me,
Bid me always answer no."

O madam in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow;
Will you take me for your husband?
Madam answer yes or no.

O madam I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free,
I will give you silken dresses—
Madam will you marry me?

O madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so;
If I may not be your husband,
Madam, will you let me go?

Then I will stay with you forever,
If you will not be unkind,
Madam, I have vowed to love you,
Would you have me change my mind?

O hark, I hear the church bells ringing,
Will you come and be my wife,
Or, dear madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?

(By kind permission: Palings and Co. Ltd.)

The Old Grey Mare

83

Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be.
The old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

**Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.**

The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffle tree,
Kicked on the whiffle tree,
Kicked on the whiffle tree,
The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffle tree,
Many long years ago.

84

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Oh, I went down south for a see my Sal,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day!
My Sally am a spanking gal,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day!

Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! my fairy fay!

**Oh, I'm off to Louisanna for to see my Susy Anna,
Singing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day!**

Oh! I came to the river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day;
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day

Oh! a guinea pig sittin' on the railway track,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day;
A pickin' his teef wid a long tin tack,
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day.

Rio Grande

85

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea
Oh, Rio,
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away, love, away,
'Way down Rio,
So fare ye well my pretty young gal,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh, say, were you ever in Rio Grande?
It's there that the river flows down golden sand.

And goodbye, fare you well, all you ladies of town,
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay.

Now you Bowery ladies, we'd have you to know,
We're bound to the Southward; O Lord, let us go.

Shenandoah

86

O Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
For her I've crossed the rolling water

'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee

Seven long years I courted Sally,
Seven more I longed to have her.

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion,
To sail across the stormy ocean.

Farewell, my dear I'm bound to leave you,
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Skye Boat Song

87

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on a wing.
Onwards the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air,
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocena's a royal bed,
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad that fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay,
Dead upon Culloden's field.

D.L.P. Lament

88

(Tune: "Twelve Days of Christmas")

Seven days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"We can win without a policy".
Six days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"What did we say last time?
"We can win without a policy".
Five days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"We can always ad lib.
"What did we say last time?
We can win without a policy".
Four days — — — —,

Introduce red herrings, etc.
Three days — — — —,

"What price are we Askin?" etc.
Two days — — — —,

"We'll trade our preferentials" etc.
One day — — — —,

"Don't mention unemployment" etc.
On the day after election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:
"We demand a re-count".

Kevin Barry

(Tune: "Rolling Home")

Early on a Monday morning,
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.

Only a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there's no one can deny
As he walked to death that morning
He proudly held his head on high.

Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
In that dark September fog.

All around that little bak'ry
Where we fought the Black and Tans,
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
For I fought to free Ireland.

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell

All the names of his companions
And other things they wished to know:
Turn informer and we'll free you,
Proudly Barry answered, "No".

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life's blood dyed its very fold.

**Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.**

Look around—the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

It waved about our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.

89

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered, swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

(Tune previously used for other words, and known
in Germany as "O Tannenbaum," and elsewhere as
"Maryland." "Our Day of Days" is sung to this tune.)

91

Harry Pollitt

Harry was a Bolshie
One of Lenin's lads
Till he was finally done to death
By counter-revolutionary cads.

**Yes, by counter-revolutionary cads,
Yes, by counter-revolutionary cads
Till he was finally done to death
By counter-revolutionary cads.**

That's O.K. said Harry,
My spirit will not die.
I'll go and do some Party work
In the land beyond the sky.

In the land beyond the sky etc.

He floated up to Peter,
The keeper of the keys.
I'd like to speak to Comrade God
It's Harry Pollitt, please.

"That's very well," said Peter,
"Are you humble and contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Lady Astor,"
"That's O.K. then. You're all right."

They put him with the angels
Put a harp in his hand
And he played the "Internationale."
In the hallelujah band

They put him in the choir,
The hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels
And he brought them out on strike

One day when God was walking
In heaven to meditate,
Whom should he see but Harry
Chalking slogans on the gate.

90

They brought him up for trial
 Before the Holy Ghost
 For spreading disaffection
 Among the Heavenly Host.
 The verdict it was guilty,
 Loud did the anthems swell
 So he tucked his nightie round his knees
 And he floated down to Hell.

Now seven long years have passed
 And Harry's doing swell
 He's just got all the devils
 To join the E.Y.L.

Seven more years have passed,
 Harry's still doing swell,
 He's just been made first commissar,
 Of Soviet Socialist Hell.

The moral of this story is,
 As you can easily tell,
 If you want to be a communist,
 You can go to b——— hell.

(Harry Pollitt was once Secretary of the Communist
 Party of Britain.)

92

Omsk

(Air: Volga Boat-Men)

When Serge and I were boys
 We used to live in Omsk
 Where we spent our time
 Learning to make Bombsk.

When Serge and I grew up
 We went away to Tomsk
 Where we spent our time
 Manufacturing Bombsk.
 La, la-la-la manufacturing bombsk.

When Serge and I were caught
 They took us to Murmansk
 Where we spent our time
 Fabricating Plansk.

When Serge and I escaped
 We hitch-hiked back to Omsk
 And blew up all bourgeoisie
 With our beautiful bombsk.
 La, la-la-la with our beautiful bombsk.

Now Serge is commissar
 Of the soviet of Omsk
 And I am commissar
 Of the soviet of Tomsk.

But we will not give up
 Our counter-revolutionary plotsk
 For we are agents of
 Our exiled comrade Trotsk
 La,la-la-la our exiled comrade Trotsk.

93

Party Hacks

(Tune: "The Brave Gendarmes.")

We're party hacks up at the Varsity
 We're Ker-Kennelly's pride and joy
 We toe the party line so loyally
 With the Coms we never toy.

And if perchance the Coms should ask us
 Their United front to join,
 We run them out, we shunt them in,
 We run them out, we shunt them in,
 We show them how to organise.

94

Quick Go The Shares

(Tune: "Click Go the Shears")

Down at the Stock Exchange, in the middle of the city,
 Sits the old Stock Broker and the sitting's mighty pretty;
 A big white Jag, a Torbreck flat, a Surfers' house as well,
 You and I could have the same if we could buy and sell.

Quick go the shares, boys, quick, quick, quick,
 How do these financial lads work so slick?
 The Broker waves his hands for the par is running low,
 But it doesn't really matter for it's someone else's dough.

Now back in ancient history, or round about that time,
 Stocks were things they used to use for punishment of
 crime;

But times have changed and so have words, for now it's
 clearly meant
 To encourage more dishonesty and not a de-ter-rent.

Now if you pawn your neighbour's watch or some other
 little thing,
 They'll call it petty larceny and promptly lock you in;
 But don your pin-striped pants and steal in thousands,
 not in dimes,
 You may receive a knighthood or a mention in "The
 Times".

There'll Always Be a Menzies 95

(Tune: "There'll Always be an England")

There'll always be a Menzies
While there's a B.H.P.,
For they have drawn their dividends
Since 1888.

There'll always be a Menzies
For nothing ever fails,
So long as nothing happens to
The bank of N.S.W.

There'll always be a Menzies
While there's a U.A.P.

And all the proper people talk
Upon the A.B.C.

If we should lose our Menzies
Wherever should we be?
If Menzies means the same to you
As Menzies means to me.

Santamaria!

(Air: Waltzing Matilda).

Once a learned Doctor squatted down in Canberra,
He was the chief of the A.L.P.,
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!
Keon and Mullens are all up a tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,
Labour must have solidarity.

Philp and Owen, Windeyer and Ligertwood,
They could not see the conspiracy,
And he sang as he screamed at Mrs. Petrov in the witness
box,

Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!
Keon and Mullens disloyal to me,
And he sang as he screamed at Mrs. Petrov in the witness
box,

Labour must have solidarity.

Up rode the journalists mounted on their hobby horse,
Up rode the groupers, one, two, three,
And they sang in that crude little propagandist magazine,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!
Keon and Mullens and Bourke make three,
And they sang in that crude little propagandist magazine,
Labour must have solidarity.

Keon and Mullens and Bourke were down in Canberra,
In the anti-Communist A.L.P.,
And they hid behind the skirts of their leader, Mr. Joshua,
Labour has lost solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!
Keon and Mullens with Liberals agree,
And they hid behind the skirts of their leader Mr. Joshua,
Labour has lost solidarity.

Now that learned Doctor sits down in Sydney town,
Chief of the State Judiciary,
And he sings as he looks around to Mister Justice Owens,
I owe it all to the A.L.P.

Santamaria! Santamaria!
Keon and Mullens have all disappeared.
And he sings as he looks around to Mister Justice Owens,
I owe it all to the A.L.P.

When Irish Eyes Are Bloodshot 97

(By courtesy: the Loyal Orange Lodge)

It's up to your knees in Irish blood,
And over your head in slaughter.
And didn't we give the Paddies Hell
Across the Boyne water.

By courtesy: the Irish Republican Army

God save Ireland, said the heroes.
God damn England, say we all.
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or on battlefield we lie,
What's it matter if for Erin we did fall.

The Wearing Of The Green 98

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going
round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't
be seen,

For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of
the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel
 red,
 Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they
 have shed;
 You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it
 on the sod,
 But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot
 'tis trod.
 When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as
 they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare
 not show,
 Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the
 green.

99

Ballad Of 1891

The price of wool was falling
 In eighteen ninety one;
 The men who owned the acres
 Saw something must be done:
 We will break the shearers' union
 And show we're masters still;
 And they'll take the terms we give them
 Or we'll find the men who will!
 From Clermont to Barcaldine
 The shearers' camps were full,
 Ten thousand blades were ready
 To strip the greasy wool.
 When through the west like thunder
 Rang out the union's call:
 The shed'll be shore union
 Or they won't be shore at all!
 O Billy Lane was with them,
 His words were like a flame,
 The flag of blue above them,
 They spoke Eureka's name.
 Tomorrow, said the squatters,
 You'll find it does not pay.
 We're bringing up free labourers
 To get the clip away.
 Be damned to your six-shooters,
 Your troopers and police;
 The sheep are growing heavy,
 The burr is in the fleece!
 Then if Nordenfeldt and Gatling
 Won't bring you to your knees
 We'll find a law, the squatters said,
 That's made for times like these.

To trial at Rockhampton
 The fourteen men were brought;
 The judge had got his orders,
 The squatters owned the court.
 But for every one was sentenced
 A thousand won't forget
 Where they gaol a man for striking
 It's a rich man's country yet.

100

Bold Tommy Payne

I'll tell you a story, it's strange, but it's true,
 Of the wild pigs where I come from and the damage they
 do.

There was once an old boar went devouring the cane
 Of a very rash character called Bold Tommy Payne.

With a tooral i-ooral i-ooral i-ay.

Bold Tommy rose up and he cursed and he swore,
 Then with rifle and pig-dogs, a dozen or more,
 He strode towards the cane-brake with murder in mind;
 But the boar laid an ambush and charged from behind!

Bold Tommy jumped up sixteen feet in the air;
 Came down on the porker and heard his pants tear.
 Oh you should have heard the language that came from
 bold Tom

When the cold wind made him realise that his trousers
 were gone!

Now up in Garradunga where the sweet Pindar grows
 The blokes tell the story, so everyone knows
 How up in the mountains an old boar resides
 Who is wearing the remnants of Bold Tommy's strides.

101

Botany Bay

Farewell to Old England for ever,
 Farewell to my rum culls as well,
 Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
 Where I used for to cut such a swell.

**Singing, tooral, looral, li-addity,
 Singing, tooral looral, liay.
 Singing, tooral, looral, li-addity,
 Singing, tooral, looral, li-addity,**

There's the captain as is our commander,
 There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,
 There's the first—and the second-class passengers,
 Knows what we poor convicts go through.

Taint leaving Old England we care about,
Taint cos we misspells wot we knows,
But because all we light-fingered gentry,
Hops round with a log on our toes.

For fourteen long years I have ser-vi-ed,
And for fourteen long years and a day,
For meeting a bloke in the area,
And sneaking his ticker away.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove!
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dook-ies and Duch-ess-es,
Take warning from what I've to say—
Mind all is your own as you touch-es-es,
Or you'll meet us in Botany Bay.

Click! Go The Shears

Out on the board the old shearer stands
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands
Fixed is his gaze on a blue bellied Joe
Glory if he gets her won't he make the ringer go.

**Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the blue bellied Joe.**

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere.
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The tar boy is there, waiting in demand,
With his blackened tar pot in his tarry hand,
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back,
Here is what he's waiting for, it's "Tar here, Jack!"

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
Roll up your swag we're all off the tracks,
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along it's "Come and drink
with me."

Down by the bar the old shearer stands
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands
Fixed is his gaze on a green painted keg
Glory he'll get down on it 'ere he stirs a peg.

There we leave him, standing, shouting for all hands,
Whilst all around his every shooter stands,
His eyes are on the cask which now is lowering fast,
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last.

Farewell To The Ladies of Brisbane

(AUGATHELLA STATION)

FAREWELL and adieu to you, sweet Brisbane ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you girls of Toowong,
For we've sold all our cattle, and have to be moving,
But we hope we shall see you again before long

CHORUS

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers,
We'll rant and we'll roar as onwards we push,
Until we get to the Augathella station,
For it's flaming dry going through the old Queensland
bush.**

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart-pot,
Caboolture, then Kilcoy and Collinton's Hut;
We'll pull up at the Stone House, Bob Williamson's
paddock,

And early next morning we'll cross the Blackbutt.

(CHORUS)

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,
It's there we shall make our next camp for the day,
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet,
lads,
And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

(CHORUS)

Then on to Nanango, that hardbitten township,
Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust,
And the shearers get shorn by old Tim the contractor—
Oh I wouldn't go near there but I flaming well must!

(CHORUS)

The girls of Toomancey they look so entrancing,
Those young bawling heifers are out for their fun!
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing,
To the racketty old banjo of Bob Anderson.

(CHORUS)

Then fill up your glasses and drink to the lasses;
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to them all;
And when we've got back to the Augathella station
We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call.

(CHORUS)

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers,
We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push,
Until we get back to the Augathella station,
For it's flaming dry going through the old Queensland
bush.**

On The Queensland Railway Line

104

On the Queensland railway lines
There are stations where one dines;
Private individuals
Also run refreshment stalls.

**Bogan-Tungan, Rollingstone,
Mungar, Murgon, Marathon (e)
Guthalunga, Pinkenba,
Wanko, Yaamba—ha, ha, ha!**

Pies and coffee, baths and showers
Are supplied at Charters Towers;
At Mackay the rule prevails
Of restricting showers to males.

Males and females, high and dry,
Hang around at Darikai,
Boora-Mugga, Djarawong,
Giligulgul, Wonglepong.

Iron rations come in handy
On the way to Dirranbandi;
Passengers have died of hunger
During halts at Garradunga.

Let us toast, before we part,
Those who travel, stout of heart,
Drunk or sober, rain or shine,
On a Queensland railway line.

The Overlander

105

There's a trade you all know well,
It's bringing cattle over,
On every track to the Gulf and back,
They know the Queensland drover.

**Pass the billy round, my boys,
Don't let the pint pots stand there,
For tonight we'll drink the health
Of every Overlander.**

I come from northern plains,
Where grass and girls are scanty,
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high,
And it's either drought or plenty.

There are men from every land,
From Spain and France and Flanders.
They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black,
The Queensland Overlanders.

When we've earned a spree in Town
We live like pigs in clover
And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck
Of many a Queensland drover.

As I pass along the roads,
The children raise my dander,
Shouting "Mother dear, take in the clothes,
Here comes an overlander!"

But I'm bound for home once more
On a prad that's quite a goer;
I can find a job with a crawling mob
On the banks of the Maranoa.

106

Wallaby Stew

Poor Dad he got a five year stretch as everybody knows,
And now he lives in Boggo Road, broad arrows on his
clothes.

He branded old Brown's cleanskins, and never left a tail,
So I'll relate the family's fate since Father went to gaol.

**So, stir the wallaby stew! Make soup of the kangaroo
tail!**

I tell you things is pretty crook since Father went to gaol.

Our sheep all died a month ago, not rot but blooming
flake;

The cow was boozed last Christmas Day by elder brother
Luke;

I sold the buggy on my own, the place is up for sale,
That won't be all that has been junked when Dad gets
out of goal!

Our Bess got shook upon some bloke who's gone we don't
know where;

He used to act around the sheds, but he ain't acted
square.

And Mother's got a shearers cove forever at her tail—
The family will have grown a bit when Dad gets out of
gaol!

They let Dad out before his time to give us a surprise,
He looked around at all of us and gently blessed our
eyes;

He shook hands with the shearers cove, and said that
things seem stale;

Then left him there to shepherd us, and battled back to
gaol.

Waltzing Matilda

107

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three;
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Wild Colonial Boy

'Tis of a wild colonial boy,
Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents,
He was born in Castlemaine;
He was his father's only hope,
His mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The wild colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die;
We'll wander over valley, and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron
chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age
When he left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny climate
A bushranger did roam;
He robbed the wealthy squatters
Their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia
Was the Wild Colonial Boy.

In sixty-one this daring youth
Commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger,
No foeman did he fear;
He stuck up the Beechworth mailcoach
And robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold
To the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning
And told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap
That acted on the square,
And never to rob a mother
Of her only son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw
The wild colonial boy.

One day he was riding
The mountainside along,
A-listening to the little birds,
Their pleasant, laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along
Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy;
They thought that they would capture him—
The wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan,
You see, there's three to one;
"Surrender now, Jack Doolan,
You daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt
And shook the little toy,
"I'll fight but not surrender,"
Said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly,
And brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis
Received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay,
Still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him—
The wild colonial boy.

108

The Drover's Dream

109

(Swing it)

One night while travelling sheep, my companions lay
asleep, there was not a star to 'luminare the sky,
I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed,
when a very strange procession passed me by.
First there came a kangaroo with his swag of blankets
blue, a dingo ran beside him as his mate;
They were travelling mighty fast, but they shouted as they
passed, 'We'll have to jog along, it's getting late.'

The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the
plain, to amuse the company with a Highland fling;
The dear old bandicoot, played a tune upon his flute, and
the native bears sat round them in a ring.
The drongo and the crow, sang us songs of long ago, while
the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile;
And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear
said 'Funniest thing I've heard for quite a while!'

The frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is
damp, came bounding in and sat upon the stones;
They each unrolled their swags, and produced from out
their bags the violin, the banjo and the bones.
The goanna and the snake and the adder wide awake with
the alligator danced 'The Soldier's Joy.'
In the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke, and
the magpie sang 'The Wild Colonial Boy.'

Some brolgas darted out from the tea-tree all about, and
performed a set of Lancers very well.
Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue
to strike up 'The Old Log Cabin in the Dell.'
I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows,
but it never crossed my mind I was asleep,
Till the boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a
start, yelling, 'Dreamy, where the hell are all the
sheep?'

Rounds

110

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me.
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow thee.
To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Rounds (Contd.)

COME TO DINNER

Come to dinner, come to dinner,
Hear the bell, hear the bell,
Bacon and potatoes, bacon and potatoes,
All done well, all done well.

FIRES BURNING

Fires burning, fires burning,
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Come sing and be merry.

FRERE JACQUES

Frere Jacques,
Frere Jacques,
Dormez vous,
Dormez vous,
Sonney le matine,
Sonney le matine,
Dins dins dans.

NOBODY AT HOME

Eat nor drink nor money have I none,
Still I will be happy.
Hey! Ho! Nobody at home.

OH HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING

Oh how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,
Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong,
Ding, Dong Bell.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

GREAT TOM

Great Tom is Cast and Christchurch bells
Ring, one, two, three, four, five, six
And Tom comes last.

AH POOR BIRD

Ah poor bird, take thy flight
Far from the sorrow of this sad night.

KOOKABURRA (Australian)

Kookaburra sits on an old gum tree,
Merry, merry king of the bush is he.
Laugh, Kookaburra, (twice)
Gay your life must be.

Alouette

111

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
A la tete, a la tete,
Alouette, Alouette. Oh!

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec,
A le bec, a le bec,
A la tete, a la tete,
Alouette, Alouette. Oh!

(le nez, les yeux, les ailes, le dos, les jambes, les main,
les pieds.)

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

112

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored.
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword,
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded him an altar in the ev'ning dews and
damps.
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps,
His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace
shall deal."
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,
Since God is marching on.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

113

One evening as the sun went down,
And the jungle fires were burning,
Down the tracks came a hobo, humming,
And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning,
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Beside the crystal fountains,
I'll see you all this coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
There's a land that's fair and bright,
Where the hand-outs grow on bushes,
And you sleep out every night;
Where the box cars are all empty
And the sun shines every day;
Oh, the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees,
The rock-rye springs where the whang doodle sings,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never change your socks,
And the little streams of alkyhol
Come trickling down the rocks.
The shacks all have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind,
There's a lake of stew, and of whisky, too,
And you can paddle all around in a big canoe,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

114

Daisy

Daisy, Daisy, the Coppers are after you,
If they catch you, they'll give you a year or two,
They'll string you with wire,
Behind the Black Maria,
So ring your bell
And peddle like hell
For the coppers are after you.

115

Gendarmes' Duet

We're public guardians bold and wary,
And of ourselves we take good care;
To risk our precious lives we're chary—
When danger looms we're never there.
But when we meet a helpless woman
Or little boys that do no harm.

We run them in, we run them in,
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We show them we're the bold gendarmes.
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We show them we're the bold gendarmes.

Sometimes our duty's extra-mural—
 And little butterflies we chase;
 We like to gambol in things rural:
 Commune with nature face to face.
 Unto our beats then back returning,
 Refreshed by nature's holy charms.

If gentlemen do make a riot,
 And punch each other's heads at night;
 We're quite disposed to keep it quiet.
 Provided that they make it right,
 But if they do not seem to see it,
 Or give to us our proper terms

Sometimes as specials we're on duty
 To guard the water works and such,
 We've each a truncheon that's a beauty,
 But we don't use them very much.
 You scoundrel there what's that your after
 Ach no my friend I vos no harm.

Girl On Burleigh Beach

Show me the way to go home,
 Said a girl on Burleigh Beach,
 I had a swimsuit about an hour ago,
 But it's floated out of reach,
 And all I have on now,
 Is sand and sea and foam,
 So give me a page of the Courier-Mail,
 And show me the way to go home.

Grandpa's Grave

They are removing grandpa's grave to build a sewer,
 They are removing it regardless of expense,
 They are shifting his remains to lay down sewage drains
 To satisfy the local residents.
 Now what's the use of having a religion, if when you die
 your troubles never cease,
 Cause some society gink wants a pipeline for a sink
 They won't let dear old grandpa rest in peace.

116

117

Oh mate, don't excavate, don't desecrate dear grandpa's
 dugout,
 Oh please although he's dead
 He needs a place to rest his head.

Now grandpa in his life was not a quitter,
 And even in his grave he'll never quit;
 He'll dress up in his sheets and he'll haunt their country
 seats,

And only let them out when he sees fit.
 Now won't there be some blinking consternation
 And won't them blinking stinkers curse and rave;
 Yes, they'll get what they deserve 'cause they had the
 rotten nerve

To muck about with poor old granpa's grave.

Oh mate, don't excavate, don't desecrate dear grandpa's
 dugout,

Oh Jim, do pack it in,
 Please let him rest in peace.

We're removing grandpa's grave to build a sewer,
 We're removing it regardless of expense,
 We're shifting his remains to put in sewage drains
 To satisfy the local residents.
 Now there possibly may be some consternation,
 You see, it's the green belt we've had to save,
 We'll get what we deserve because we've had the force
 and verve

To excavate that wretched fellow's grave.

Oh mate, don't excavate, don't desecrate dear grandpa's
 dugout,

Oh Fred, although he's dead,
 Let him ruminate in peace.

118

Hallelujah I'm a Bum

Rejoice and be gay,
 For the springtime has come,
 You can lay down your shovels
 And go on the bum.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
 Hallelujah, bum again,
 Hallelujah, give us handout
 To revive us again.

Oh I love my boss,
 He's a good friend of mine,
 And that's why I'm starving
 Out on the bread line.

Hallelujah, etc.

The springtime has come,
And I'm just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Hallelujah, etc.

Oh why can't you work
As the other fellows do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Hallelujah, etc.

Oh why don't you save
All the money you earn?
Well, if I didn't eat,
I'd have money to burn.

Hallelujah, etc.

I went to a house
And I knocked on the door,
But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
You've been here before."

Hallelujah, etc.

I went to a house
And asked for some bread,
But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
The baker is dead."

Hallelujah, etc.

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

Hallelujah, etc.

Home On The Range

119

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the clouds are not cloudy and gray,
Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
And the breezes are balmy and bright,
Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities' delight.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy and gray.

Oh, give me a home where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down the clear stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a beautiful dream.
Where often at night when the heavens were bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
I have stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
Does their glory exceed that of ours.

120

Hooker-Rex

(calypso)

Everywhere we look we see "Hooker-Rex",
Wonder where it's going to pop up next;
Maybe some day we're gonna live to see
It inscribed on the back of our currency.

Been a lot of talk and controversy
About immigration policy;
But there's lots of land and plenty more still,
If someone doesn't have it L. J. Hooker will.

Often thought a better name would be
"Green Belt Hooker Proprietary";
But "Hooker Australia" is alright, I guess,
Till they try to use that apostrophe "S".

Yanks and the Russians racing to the moon,
Spaceship and rocket and barrage balloon;
When they got there a sign said "Too late,
All the damn place is now a Hooker estate".

121

It's The Syme The Whole World Over

A meaningful morsel for maudlin moralists. Will also
do to oil up your rusty Cockney accent. (Tempo, da
Beer Jug.)

It's the syme the whole world over
It's the poor what gets the blyme:
W'ile the rich 'as all the plysures
Now a'nt that a blinkin' shyme?

She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure, unstyned was 'er fyme;
Till a country squire came courtin'—
And the poor girl lorst 'er nyme.

So she went aw'y to Lunnon,
Just to 'ide 'er guilty shyme;
There she met another squire;
Once ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Look at 'im with all 'is 'orses,
Drinking champyne in 'is club,
W'ile the wictim of 'is folly
Mykes 'er livin' by 'er wice.

So she settled down in Lunnon,
Sinkin' deeper in 'er shyme,
Till she met a lybour leader,
And ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Now 'e's in the 'Ouse of Commons,
Mykin' laws to put down crime,
W'ile the wictim of 'is plysure
Walks the street each night in shyme.

Then there cyme a bloated bishop,
Marriage was the tyle 'e told.
There was no one else to tyke 'er,
So she sold 'er soul for gold.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Drivin' d'ily through the park;
Though she's myde a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brykin' 'cart.

In their poor and 'umble dwellin',
There 'er grievin' payrents live,
Drinkin' champyne as she sends 'em,
But they never can forgive.

It's the syme the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blyme,
While the rich 'as all the plysures.
Now, an't that a blinkin' shyme?

122

Just For The Ride

She sat 'neath her window and smoked a cigar,
Smoked a cigar, smoked a cigar.
She sat 'neath her window and smoked a cigar.
Smoked a cigar.

He said he loved her, but O how he lied.

She said she loved him, and she did not lie.

She caught consumption; and boo-hoo she died.

He went to her funeral, just for the ride.

He sat on her tombstone and laughed till he cried.

He caught pneumonia and wacko he died.

She went to Heaven, and flip-flop she fled.

He went to Hades, and frizzled and fried.

The moral of this song is don't smoke cigars.

La Marseillaise

123

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
Etendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, et nos compagnes!

**Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!**

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents:
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

124

Madeira

She was young, she was pure, she was new, she was nice,
She was fair, she was sweet seventeen.
He was old, he was vile, and no stranger to vice,
He was base, he was bad, he was mean.

He had slyly inveigled her up to his flat
To view his collection of stamps—all unperforated,
And he said as he hastened to put out the cat,
The wine, his cigar, and the lamp.

Have some Madeira m'dear, you really have nothing to
fear,

I'm not trying to tempt you, that wouldn't be right,
You shouldn't drink spirits at this time of night,
Have some Madeira m'dear, it's very much nicer than
beer;

I don't care for sherry, one cannot drink stout,
And port is a wine I can well do without,
It's really a case of chaud a son gout,
So have some Madeira m'dear.

Unaware of the wiles of the snake in the grass,
Of the fate of a maiden who toped,
She lowered her standards by raising her glass,
Her courage, her eyes, and his hopes.

She sipped it, she drank it, she drained it, she did,
 He quietly refilled it again,
 And he said as he secretly carved one more notch
 On the butt of his gold-handled cane.

Have some Madeira m'dear I've got a small cask of it here,
 And once it's been opened you know it won't keep,
 So finish it up, it will help you to sleep.
 Have some Madeira m'dear, it's really an excellent year;

Now if it were gin you'd be wrong to say yes,
 The evil gin does would be hard to assess,
 Besides it's inclined to affect me prowess,
 So have some Madeira m'dear.

Then there flashed to mind what her mother had said
 With an antipenultimate breath,
 O my child, should you look on the wine when it's red
 Be prepared for a fate worse than death.

She let fall her glass with a shrill little cry—ah,
 Crash, tinkle, it fell to the floor;
 When he asked, "What in Heaven?" she made (no reply)
 Up her mind and she dashed for the door.

Have some Madeira m'dear, rang out down the hall loud
 and clear,
 A tremulous cry that was filled with despair
 As she paused to take breath in the cool midnight air.
 Have some Madeira m'dear, the words seem to ring in
 her ear,

Until the next morning she woke up in bed,
 With a smile on her lips and an ache in her head,
 And a beard in her earhole, that tickled and said—
 Have some Madeira m'dear

125

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

A circus song of 1868. Variety-hall and tavern entertainment of the time were considered too rough for women and children, but the circus was a pleasant amusement which could be enjoyed by everyone.

Oh, once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
 Like an old coat that is tatter'd and torn.
 I'm left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
 Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
 Now this girl that I loved, she was handsome and swell,
 And I tried all I knew her to please;
 But I never could please her one-quarter so well
 As that man on the flying trapeze.

He flies thro' the air with greatest of ease,
 The daring young man on the flying trapeze.
 His movements are graceful; all girls he does please,
 And my love he's purloined away.

Now the young man by name was Senor Boni Slang,
 Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
 Where'er he appeared, how the hall loudly rang
 With ovations from all people there.
 He'd smile from the bar on the people below,
 And one night he smiled on my love;
 She winked back at him, and he shouted "Bravo!"
 As he hung by his nose from above.

126

On the Road to Mandalay

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks of
 me;
 For the wind is in the palm-trees and the temple-bells
 they say:
 "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
 Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay:
 Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to
 Mandalay?
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin' fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross
 the Bay!

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like
 the worst,
 Where there ain't no Ten Commandments an' a man can
 raise a thirst;
 For the temple-bells are callin', and' it's there that I
 would be—
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
 Lookin' lazy at the sea.

127

On Top of Old Smokey

On top of old smokey, all covered in snow,
 I lost my true lover, for courting so slow.
 For courtin's a pleasure an' partin' is grief
 And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

For the thief will just rob you and take what you have,
 But a false hearted lover will drive you to the grave,
 And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust,
 Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.
 They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies
 Than cross-ties on a rail-road, or stars in the sky.
 Come, all ye young maidens, come listen to me.
 Don't place your affections on a green willow tree,
 For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
 And you'll be forsaken, and you'll never know why.

128

O, When the Saints

We are travelling in the footsteps
 Of those who went before,
 And we'll all be re-united
 On that far and distant shore.

O, when the saints go marching in,
 O, when the saints go marching in,
 O, Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the saints go marching in.

O, when the sun begins to shine

O' when the trumpet sounds its call

Some say this world of trouble
 Is the only one we need,
 But I'm waiting for that moment
 When the new world is revealed.

O, when the new world is revealed

O, when the saints go marching in

Persian Kitten

The Persian kitten, perfumed and fair,
 Went out to the kitchen to get some air.
 A tomcat, lithe, lean and long,
 Dirty and yellor, came along.

He looked at the perfumed Persian cat
 As she strolled along with much éclat.
 Dreaming of bed and things to pass,
 He whispered, "Kitty, you've sure got class!"

"It's fitting and proper," was her reply,
 As she arched her whiskers over her eye,
 "I'm ribboned, and bedded on pillows of silk,
 And daily I'm fed on certified milk.

129

I should be happy with what I've got,
 I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
 I should be happy, I should indeed,
 Because I'm highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up!" said the tomcat, with a smile,
 "And trust your new-found friend awhile.
 You need not stray from the backyard fence,
 M'dear, all you need is experience."

The truths of life he then unfurl'd,
 As he told her tales of the outside world,
 Suggesting, at length, with a lurid laugh,
 A trip for the two down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before,
 When the kitty came home about the hour of four,
 The innocent look from her eye had went;
 The smile on her face was the smile of content.

Many months later, when the neighbours came
 To see those kittens of pedigreed fame,
 They weren't Persian, they were black and tan,
 And they said their daddy was a travellin' man!
 A ratchin', scratchin', travellin' man!

130

The Streets of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
 Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
 These words he did say as I boldly stepped by;
 "Come, sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
 Shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
 Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
 First down to Rosie's and then to the carhouse,
 Shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

"Have six tall cowboys to carry my coffin,
 Six purty maids to sing me a song,
 Take me to the valley and lay a sod o'er me,
 For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
 Play the dead march as they carry me along,
 Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
 Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
 Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

Thanks For The Mammary

131

Thanks for the Mammary
Of all we've done this year.
We've weathered all the storms of life
And saved ourselves a lot of strife
With bellies full of beer.
Yes, thank you so much.

Thanks for the Mammary
Of all we've had to know,
Inside the mortuary hearses,
And how we trained the nurses
Into giving it a go.
Yes, thank you so much.

Tho' some may have thought us uncouth.
The honoraries taught us quite well, sir,
Still we've found a lot we could sell, sir,
For a big fat fee to the Brisbane Truth.

Yes, thanks for the mammary,
Of eve to morning crams,
When you swotted your anatomy,
My boy, now don't you flatter me,
The night before exams.
Yes, thanks so much.

So thanks for the Mammary
Of good old pre-Med. days,
No money were we earning,
The fun we had when learning
All about the 40 ways.
We learnt some more
Until we saw
It's just a passing phase.
And thank you so much.

What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?

132

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

**Way, hey, there she rises,
Way, hey, there she rises,
Way, hey, there she rises,
Early in the morning!**

Chuck him in the long-boat, make him bale 'er.
What shall we do with a drunken skipper?
Lock him in the cabin and stop his liquor.

Woad Song

133

(Men of Harlech)

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats and spats and shoes with laces?
Socks and smocks you buy in places
Down in Brompton road!
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten,
Better far is woad!

Woad's the stuff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen!
Boil it to a brilliant hue,
And rub it on your chest and your abdomen!
Ancient Britons, never hit on
Anything as good as this to fit on
Neck or knee or where you sit on—
Tailors, you be blowed!

Romans came across the Channel,
All dressed up in tin and flannel,
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.
Saxons, you can keep your stitches,
Building beds for bugs and midges,
Woad's enough to clothe us, which is
Not a nest for fleas!

Romans keep your armours,
Saxons, your pyjamas;
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and Llamas!
March up Snowdon with our woad on,
Never mind if we get snowed or blowed on,
Never need a button sewed on—
Go it, ancient B's!

(Boadicea. R.I.P.)

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?

134

A popular ragtime song of 1902

"Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home?"

She moans the whole day long,
'Till do de cooking, darling, I'll pay de rent;
I knows I've done you wrong.
'Member dat rainy eve dat I drove you out,
Wid nothing but a fine-tooth comb!
I know I's to blame,
Well, ain't dat a shame?
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?"

Deep River

135

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.

Oh, chillun, oh, don't you want to go
To that gospel feast, that promised land,
That land where all is peace?
Walkin' to Heaven and take my seat
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet, Lord.

Empty Bed Blues

136

Well I woke up this morning
With an awful achin' head,
My bed was all empty—
My man had done gone and fled.

(Curses—other verses censored)

Go Down, Moses

137

Go down, Moses,
'Way down in Egypt's land;
Tell ole Pharoah
Let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let My people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let My people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said;
Let My people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let My people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let My people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let My people go.

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let My people go;
To lead the Children of Israel thro',
Let My people go.

When they had reached the other shore,
Let My people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
Let My people go.

The Gospel Train

138

Get on board, little chillun, (3 times)
There's room for many a more.

That Gospel Train is comin',
I hear it round the curve,
She's loosened all her steam and brakes,
And strainin' every nerve.

The fare is cheap and all can go,
The rich and poor is there;
No second-class aboard this train,
No difference in the fare.

I hear that train a-comin',
She sure is speedin' fast,
So get your tickets ready
And ride to Heaven at last.

139

I'm Not Rough

I'm not rough
And I don't bite,
But the woman that gets me
Gotta treat me right,
'Cause I'm crazy about my lovin'
I must have it all the time,
It takes a brown-skinned woman
To satisfy my mind.

— — — — —
It takes a brown-skinned woman
To satisfy my mind.

140

Joshua Fit de Battle

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,
And de walls come tumblin' down.

You may talk about yo' King ob Gideon,
You may talk about yo' man ob Saul,
Dere's none like good ol' Joshua,
At de battle of Jericho.

Up to de walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in han',
"Go blow dem ram horns," Joshua cried,
"Kase de battle am in my han'."

Den de lam' ram sheep horns begin to blow,
Trumpets begin to shout,
Joshua commanded de chillun to shout,
And de walls come tumblin' down.

St. Louis Blues

141

Ah hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
Hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
'Cause mah baby, he done lef' dis town.
Feelin' tomorrow lak Ah feel today,
Ah'll pack mah trunk, make mah getaway.
St. Louis woman wid her diamon' rings,
Pulls dat man round' by her apron strings.
'Twant for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man Ah love would not gone nowhere.

**Got de St. Louis Blues jes' as blue as ah can be,
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.**

Been to de gypsy to get mah fortune tole,
To de gypsy done got mah fortune tole.
'Cause Ah'm most wile 'bout mah Jelly Roll.
Gypsy done tole me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Yes, she done tole me, "Don't you wear no black."
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back."
Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis my mahself,
Git to Cairo, fin' mah ole friend Jeff.
Gwine to fin' mahself close to his side.
If Ah flag his train, I sho' can ride.

**I loves dat man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint and rye,
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.**

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine,
Lak he owns de Dimon' Joseph line.
He'd make a cross-eyed ol' man go stone blind,
Blacker dan midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest man in de whole St. Louis.
Blacker de berry, sweeter is the juice.
About a crap game he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when work-time comes he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten-spot.
What it takes to git it, he's certainly got.

**A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the
track,
But a long, tall gal makes a preacher ball the jack.**

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

142

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?

Comin' for to carry me home.

A band of angels comin' after me,

Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,

Jes' tell my friends that I'm a-comin' too.

The brightest day that ever I saw,

When Jesus washed my sins away.

I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,

But still my soul feels heavenly boun'.

143

Worried Man Blues

The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,
The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,
The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,
The girl I love is on that train and gone.

**It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.**

I went across the river and I lay down to sleep,
When I woke up there were shackles on my feet.
Shackles round my feet had 21 links of chain,
Every link engraved with initials of my name.
I asked the judge: What's gonna be my fine?
21 years on the Rocky Mountain Line.

144

Fragments

I do want to be a Roman Catholic — — —
O, I do want to be a Roman Catholic,
O, I do want to join the Church of Rome,
You can do what you want in the pale moon-light,
Confess it in the morning and it's quite alright.

The Leaders of Labour

O, the leaders of Labour are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear
But the cream of the cream of the ALP team
Was one, Doctor Herbert de Vere,

The Last Song

145

When we grow too old to sing,
We'll have these tunes to remember,
When we grow too old to sing,
These songs will live in our hearts,
So finish this song,
And then let us part,
And when we all grow old and dream,
This night will live in our hearts.

